Trope: Wrong Number (Hannigram)

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Trope: Wrong Number (Hannigram)

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Omegas only go into heat if they meet a compatible alpha, but with both alphas and omegas being so rare it is an infrequent occurrence. One that Will Graham had certainly never anticipated happening to him.

With NSFWart by Ani Louhetar
Please note: the fic can be interpreted as either traditional or multisex omega but the art is specifically multisex omega.

1. Stranger

:: I hope you've been a good girl ::

Will blinked as he read, then reread the message that had just popped up on his phone.

He didn't recognise the number and his first thought was that it had to be one of the students pranking him. Probably one of the new intake, because the seasoned ones knew not to fuck around with him. Any of them holding the outdated idea that omegas couldn't be in the FBI or teach at the Academy got a rude awakening when they took his class.

With a huff Will tossed his phone onto his desk and picked up his papers for his next class.

He didn't think any more of it until he returned to his office three classes later to gather his things and go home, only to find a second message.

:: Bedelia? Did it go well? ::

That at least explained that the first message wasn't meant for him. Will felt a little better about that, given that the alternative. He wasn't in the mood to deal with asshole students.

Grumbling at the disruption that this had caused to his day, slight as it was, Will tapped out a reply.

:: You've got the wrong number ::

It was only a few minutes after he sent the message that his phone rang from that same number. Will considered not answering it, but if this person wouldn't believe it was the wrong number, or it was indeed a prank, then Will would set them straight.

“Will Graham,” Will answered gruffly, greeted by a brief silence before a smooth, calm voice drifted down the line.

“Good evening, forgive me, I wanted to call you and apologise for my errant messages. I realise now I input my friend’s new number a digit off.” The voice was warm and rich with a foreign accent that Will would guess as Eastern European.

“S’fine,” Will practically grunted back. He wasn’t one for polite conversation at the best of times, god forbid he ever have to be social. But it was hard to ignore how that voice made his pulse race a little.

Enough that part of him wanted to ask whether the friend in question *had* been a good girl, as though scoping out the competition.

“All the same,” the man continued, “I hope I caused you no concerns or discomfort, Mr Graham.”

Hearing his name from that voice caused Wil’s eye to twitch and with it came a knowledge. The husky way in which it was said, the way his words were as much statement as question. Will knew people well enough to know the man on the phone was an alpha and equally that man had no doubt that Will was an omega.

Will clenched his jaw, trying not to think about the odds. It wasn’t like there was only a handful of them in the US. Last estimates had non-betas at around 10%, at least 30,000,000, of the US population.

“Like I said,” Will reiterated. “It’s fine.”

“Hannibal, Hannibal Lecter,” the man quickly introduced, as though Will’s sentence had required it.

“It’s fine, Mr Lecter.” Will replied, coldly.

“Very well,” Lecter replied, a silence then stretching between them as neither of them made any move to hang up. Finally Lecter cleared his throat. “Have a good evening, Mr Graham.”

Will could have wished the same or given any number of pleasantries in response, but instead he replied “Uhuh,” then hung up.

Will threw his phone into his bag, turned off the office light and went home, not planning on thinking anything more of it that day.

*

Will was woken by Buster nuzzling against his ear, whimpering for food.

Will groaned and rolled over to look at his clock, knowing that he’d likely only slept ten minutes later than he would on a weekday, the dog was simply impatient.

He was surprised to find that it was almost 8am, which was late for him even on a Saturday. It was no wonder that Buster was being pushy, or that all his other mutts were sitting around his bed looking up at him patiently.

“Sorry gang,” Will muttered, words sleep heavy. “Bad dreams.” He explained to them as he pulled himself up and swung out of the bed - Buster underfoot as he went to fill all their bowls.

As he diced their fresh meat, Will considered the dreams he’d had the night before. And perhaps to call them bad was wrong. They weren’t the usual nightmares he often had after a week of intense teaching, the nightmares that kept him from being stable enough to work in the field. But it had been unsettling.

It had been about the wrong number.

In Will’s dream his phone had kept beeping with messages asking where he was. And when he looked around he wasn’t sure. He remembered replying he was looking for someone, but no matter where he looked he couldn’t find anyone.

It was disorienting and weird and…

Will realised he was sweating as dished up the dog food and then let himself out onto the porch and into the crisp air.

He sweated a lot when he had nightmares, but he wasn’t asleep now. Maybe he was sick?

Maybe it was…

Oh fuck, no.

This couldn’t be happening.

Will let the fresh, cool air brush over his heated skin as he took in several deep breaths. Other than his presentation heat he’d not had one since. He’d anticipated never having another one given that he had never really expected to meet an alpha with whom he was so compatible that his body would respond this way.

Will’s mind raced with the possibilities and that caused him to sweat all the more. Could it be one of his students? The thought made Will flinch and he tried to recall if any of the new starters were alphas. He wasn’t sure, he always tried not to get that close to any of them. And most alphas and omegas tended to wear scent blockers out of habit.

It could have been anyone, anywhere. Will tried to remember if there had been anyone in the coffee shop the previous morning on his way to the Academy. His mind was hazy, making it difficult to remember the fine details. Had there been a few people in there? Two or three queuing behind him?

Will thought about going down to the stream and trying to cool off, to see if that would help at all. He was only roused from these thoughts when he heard the sound of his phone inside the house, still in his bag and pinging with a message.

A message. The phone call. That alpha.

That alpha - Hannibal Lecter.

Fuck.

2. Weirdo

There was no denying how painful it had been for Will to go through his heat alone, but he wasn't about to let some random stranger come and spend it with him regardless of how his body reacted.

Not least because he had no idea if the alpha even felt anything, wanted anything. They had barely exchanged names. Just because the memory of the man's voice made his pulse flutter and his groin ache…

He shook the feeling off, putting it down to the last vestiges of his heat leaving his system.

The dogs weaved excitedly around his legs as he moved through the house. During his heat he'd managed to feed and let them in and out, but that was about it. And now they were excited to have his company and long walks down to the stream.

After the last few anomalous days, it felt like a relief to finally do something normal again. So Will dressed, had breakfast and put on his walking boots. Before leaving the house, as was his habit, he grabbed his keys, wallet and phone.

Will frowned when he saw the blinking light, not exactly one to get a lot of calls or messages, and opened up his phone to find one message waiting.

:: Would it be impertinent to ask if I could call you again? ::

Will blinked. He read the message again before verifying that it was indeed from the alpha and had been sent a day earlier whilst Will was still in the throes of the heat the man had seemingly caused.

On autopilot, Will walked out onto the porch, the dogs galloping around the yard waiting for him to continue but instead he stood in place. Reading the message again he wondered what his reaction might have been if he'd read it whilst still in heat.

Not that it mattered, nor the strange pull in his gut. It made no difference, he had no intention of letting this go any further. With a huff, Will responded to the message-

:: Yes, it would be impertinent ::

He put the phone in his pocket and continued on with the dogs, enjoying the fresh air and the chance to stretch his legs after the last few days of confinement.

Despite trying to take the opportunity to clear his mind, Will found that it kept coming back to the alpha. His phone felt heavy in his pocket, calling for his attention. His fingers flexed as he imagined replying again.

Did he really want to open this can of worms? Did he want an alpha in his life?

He had no idea what the man was about. What if he was one of those assholes who thought that omegas should stay in the home and pop out a new pup every year? Will wasn't even sure he wanted kids, and certainly wouldn't even consider it any time soon.

Besides, the alpha might already be involved with someone. Possibly even married. What then? Be his bit on the side just because their biology was compatible?

Will's jaw tightened as he imagined a smug alpha with a beta partner at home taking care of their brood of children whilst he did as he pleased.

I hope you've been a good girl

That first message popped into Will's head. What had the alpha said? A friend, who had changed their number? A friend? Who spoke like that to a friend.

Regardless of the many innocent possibilities, Will's mind settled immediately on a more salacious reading of the message and ran with it from there.

By the time he returned from his walk, the dogs exhausted and happy to flop onto the porch, Will couldn't get it out of his mind.

He dropped down into the rocking chair next to the dogs and pulled his phone back out from his pocket, typing and sending quickly before he had chance to change his mind.

:: So, was she a good girl? ::

Will felt his cheeks heat before he'd even sent it. A mixture of embarrassment and jealousy.

The reply was remarkably quick, and Will took in a sharp breath. He hovered over it before finally clicking on it.

:: She was. She had to make a referral of an unpleasant patient whilst remaining professional. Which I knew would be difficult under the circumstances. ::

Well that brought up more questions than it answered, and Will had to wonder if he was being manipulated. Sure, the question had been answered and with no knowledge of the woman or their relationship. And now he felt like he was being lured into a deeper conversation when he had meant this simply to be a single response. Hadn't he?

Will swallowed, trying to work out what he had actually expected, what he had wanted. And the truth was he could only hear in that deep alphan rumble "have you been a good boy?". And yes, that was the answer he'd wanted, a dismissal of his question and a redirect to something suggestive, at the very least.

Will sighed and put his phone down, looking over at the dogs in their various states of repose. He should never have replied. Not in the beginning and not know. He was no good with these things.

He read people too well to truly enjoy their company. He hated being social and he didn't want a mate. If he was a beta, no one would care. But as an omega, that made him something of a weirdo and that moniker felt very apt to him in that moment.

Alpha and omega or not, what sort of weirdo would pursue this ridiculousness?

3. Professor

Will tried to put the alpha from his mind, even as the weeks rolled on and he neared another heat. Now that they had been triggered he would have them monthly until he was sated by an alpha.

He had already seen his primary physician and been prescribed suppressants. In doing so he'd had to endure a lengthy lecture on how this was only meant as a short term measure and that the only true resolution was to mate with his alpha. That much Will was aware of, he'd been pulled into Omega Ed with the two other omegas at his school and been given *the talk*. What he hadn't appreciated was the judgemental way the beta doctor had dealt with him.

Why did everyone assume that omegas and alphas just spent their lives waiting to find a biologically compatible mate?

Even with the suppressants there were some things that persisted. He wouldn't have the symptoms of oestrus itself, but he would still have some of the same instincts and drives. Will knew that, despite not actually going into heat, he was going to be horny and irritable, which was never a fun combination.

The day his heat would likely start, Will was instead teaching back to back lectures on his most detested subject - psychoanalysis. He knew he must be more irritable than usual because the students were quieter than usual, wasting his time less - which was at least a nice benefit of the situation.

It did mean though that he was exhausted when he returned to his office and put up his "no office hours today" sign so that he could catch up on some grading and planning. It wasn't until he was through the first pile of mostly fair papers that he realised the light on his phone was blinking. He must have received a message whilst he was in class.

Will picked it up and was surprised by a new message from the alpha he had not communicated with for over three weeks.

:: You never told me your profession ::

Will blinked. Was this another message not meant for him? It certainly felt as though it was part of a longer conversation that he had missed.

He decided the best thing was to ignore it.

And yet, seemingly of their own accord, Will's fingers flew across his keypad.

:: You never asked ::

Will was about to put the phone to one side when another message instantly appeared.

:: What is your profession, Will Graham? ::

Will's jaw tightened and he hated that he knew what the alpha sounded like and was able to clearly imagine him softly rumbling these words.

:: Why do you want to know? ::

Will fired back, defensive, he knew. But he also felt the corner of his mouth tweak up, knowing that there was a tease in it too. Or could be if the alpha wanted to interpret it that way.

:: Do you answer all questions with a question? ::

:: Only the impertinent ones ::

The papers were forgotten as Will sat back in his chair, focused entirely on his phone with his pulse starting to race and - god help him - his cock starting to swell.

:: I do so hate to be impertinent ::

The reply made Will smile, so very sure he could hear the flirtation in those words.

:: I'm a teacher at the FBI Academy :: Will admitted, as he tried to find ways for the conversation to continue.

:: A noble profession. I have consulted with the FBI on occasion ::

There was nothing more than that, because the rest went unsaid. The 'maybe we've run into each other before' wasn't worth saying when Will knew what the answer would be that, if they had, Will would have gone into heat at that time.

It did leave one question then, and Will dreaded the answer. This man might be some sort of criminologist, a consultant. There were many professions that might be consulted by the FBI. But having previously mentioned that his friend had patients, Will winced as he tapped out the next message. Hoping he assumption was wrong. Perhaps Lecter was a coroner…

:: And you? What's your profession? ::

It was as bad as Will feared.

:: I'm a psychiatrist ::

4. Doctor

Will hadn't intended not to reply. But a few days went by and he still hadn't.

How did he respond to that? Psychiatry never worked on him, and he held the profession in general with some modicum of disdain. Psychoanalysis was overrated to the point of being

misleading in his book. Though given that he often made leaps based on intuition and empathy probably meant he was in a glass house on this one.

It was more than that though. Since discovering the alpha's profession, Will had a very solid idea in his head about the man. Pompous, uptight, know-it-all. The combination of those replies, his voice, and now his profession all added up to the sort of person Will had no wish to be around.

Which was a huge problem given that their bodies were apparently compatible.

And… if pushed to admit it, Will had enjoyed the texting, the flirtation. Maybe they were compatible on more levels than just the baser ones.

But, a psychiatrist?

Will shuddered. The thought of being with someone who would poke around his brain, dissect every conversation, judge his stability - or lack thereof - was not something that sat well with Will.

Despite having made the very firm decision not to make contact again, Will couldn't help himself.

:: So, a psychiatrist. ::

:: Should I assume you dislike doctors? ::

:: Just shrinks :: Will replied before really thinking about it, an automatic reaction - an instinct - to reply to the alpha.

:: I was once an ER surgeon if that curries any favour? ::

Will smiled at that. Damn, he hated that he smiled at it, but he couldn't help it.

:: Why make the change? ::

:: I killed someone. Or, more accurately, I couldn't save someone, but it felt like killing them ::

:: You were an ER surgeon. It had to happen from time to time ::

:: It happened one time too many. I transferred my passion for anatomy into the culinary arts. I fix minds instead of bodies, and no one's died as a result of my therapy ::

Will blinked, trying to take in the rapid exchange. It had all come so naturally, and for someone who didn't easily get along with people, it was surprising.

Even more surprisingly, it felt nice.

Will read back over the messages before sending another back.

:: Culinary arts? ::

Will didn't want to seem sexist, but it definitely went against stereotype for alphas to have an interest in cooking and other homely things.

:: I like to think of myself as an amateur chef. Perhaps you might consider coming to one of my dinner parties some time ::

The offer made Will's heart race at the invite, and then with anxiety at the thought of being around people. Possibly more psychiatrists.

:: That might require me to be social ::

:: Perhaps something more intimate? Dinner for two? ::

Will swallowed and put the phone down.

He was panting, and hard. He shouldn't be experiencing his heat, not fully, and yet he was sure that was exactly what was happening. And all he wanted to do was to pick the phone up and text his address to the alpha.

And so that was exactly what he didn't do.

With a groan of defeat, Will made his way to the kitchen and prepared food for the dogs, refilled dry food and water for them and unlatched the doggy door so they could come and go.

Once that was done he started up the stairs to the spare room next to the bathroom. He had already prepared it for when his heat arrived, though he'd expected the symptoms to be a lot less severe than this.

Whilst it was definitely better than without the suppressants, Will was sure that it shouldn't be so bad as this. He rummaged through the medicine he'd left next to the bed, finding the information and reading through it.

For full effectiveness avoid contact with any prospective mates.

The words swam in front of his eyes as he collapsed onto the bed. He was hard and wet, the paper falling from his hand as he lay back on the bed thinking of the alpha's beautiful voice as he started to undo his trousers.

*

Everything came in and out of focus and Will realised he'd passed out. He grabbed for the water bottle next to the bed to discover it empty, and that he had rolled into patches of dried come and slick in the process.

He was still hard, slick dripping from him and he had a phone in his hand.

"Will? Are you there?"

The words were tinny and seemed far away - remedied when Will held the phone up in front of him and saw that he had called Hannibal a few moments earlier, the counter ticking over.

“Hannibal?” Will rasped the word as he moved the phone to his ear.

“Will? Are you alright? Do you need help?” The concern in Hannibal’s voice made Will ache all the more.

“No, no…” he forced himself to say. “I’m fi-fine. Just fine. Sorry…” he tried not to slur the words and winced when he heard how they came out.

“Have you been drinking?” Hannibal asked, confusion there but still concern.

“No, m’sick. Sorry… Sorry.” Will hung up the phone and turned it off, throwing it across the room before ambling off the bed and to the bathroom. He stepped into the shower and turned on the cold faucet.

:: I’m here, Will. If you ever need anything ::

5. Acquaintances

Will never replied to the message that was waiting for him on his phone once he recovered and turned it back on. He only had a vague memory of what had happened.

His heat had scared him, it wasn’t at all as he’d expected now he was on suppressants. And a trip back to his doctor made clear that if he was to continue to have any sort of contact with Hannibal then the suppressants would never fully work. Most likely, he’d have a repeat of what had just happened - disproportionate symptoms.

Will couldn’t bring himself to block Hannibal’s number, but he was resolved not to keep in contact. The choice was either having his suppressants work or spending his heats with the alpha, and so Will chose suppressants.

Every day his mind and body fought him on that decision. His heart too, if he gave credence to such things. He missed Hannibal, despite the little contact they’d had. Those messages had made him smile, had made him feel good, and no one had ever done that for him before. He could imagine a future getting to know him.

And that was the problem.

Will Graham didn’t want that future. He didn’t want to end up just some alpha’s omega, not after all the hard work he’d put into his career. He couldn’t have his aspirations undermined by an unequal partnership. And everyone knew that was always what happened with alpha-omega couples.

Another three weeks had passed and at least Hannibal hadn’t messaged again, leaving the ball firmly and unmoving in Will’s court.

Will was irritable when Jack Crawford bothered him after his lecture, and now he found himself consulting on a case and on his way to the head of BAU’s office to discuss it further.

His heat was fast approaching again and he really didn't want to be involved with any of this.

Will took a seat, cheap and terrible coffee in hand, whilst Jack unexpectedly waited at the door.

"Ah, good to see you, doctor. Just on time." Jack greeted someone pleasantly and Will smelled the alpha as he entered the room.

Jack and the alpha remained standing and Will didn't bother to get up.

"Doctor Lecter, Will Graham." Jack introduced them and there wasn't even the slightest spark of surprise or recognition. There didn't need to be - they had recognised each other by scent before they had even set us on each other.

Will hadn't expected that, but he was glad of those few extra seconds to prepare before they both gave a courteous nod to each other and the case became the topic of discussion.

"Tell me then, how many confessions?" Hannibal's voice was that same one that had spoken on the phone that day, though this time all business. Even so, it made Will shiver.

"Twelve dozen last time I checked. None of them had any details. Until this morning. Then they *all* had details. Some genius in Duluth PD took a photograph of Elise Nichols' body with his cell phone and shared it with a few close friends. Then Freddy Lounds posted it on Tattlecrime.com."

Will's reaction was immediate and unchecked, his heat making anything other than that impossible. "Tasteless." He spat the word.

"Do you have trouble with taste?" Hannibal's tone was flat enough, but after his last heat, after contact with the alpha had brought them on in the first place, he felt anger bubble up within him and had to stop himself from snapping out his reply.

Instead he stifled a sigh and had to stop himself stretching - bearing - his neck as he replied, "My thoughts are often not tasty."

"Nor mine." Hannibal commented, looking at the map and decidedly not at Will. "No effective barriers."

There was something in those words. A tease or a test, Will wasn't sure. He was sure that this was some sort of sparing, the sort only alphas and omegas did as they sized each other up.

Will distracted himself with his coffee.

"I build forts"

"Associations come quickly."

"So do forts."

Hannibal took the seat next to him, picking up his own cup as he looked over. Will avoided his glance, afraid of what eye contact might do to either of them considering the effect Hannibal had on Will so far.

“Not fond of eye contact, are you?”

Will let out a huff. “Eyes are distracting. You see too much. You don’t see enough. And it’s hard to focus when you’re thinking those whites are really white or he must have hepatitis, or is that a burst vein? So I try to avoid eyes whenever possible.” As he said this he turned to face Hannibal, meeting his eyes briefly and it’s all he can do to keep speaking.

Hannibal’s eyes are beautiful, and Will now added that to the list of reasons to avoid eye contact - with Lecter at least.

“Jack,” Will called the man over, trying to get back to business but it didn’t stop Hannibal from continuing.

“I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind. Your values and decency are present yet shocked at your associations, appalled at your dreams. No forts in the bone arena of your skull for things you love.”

Will’s expression creased into a frown as the words sank in. They sliced through him, right to the very essence of him. This alpha already knew him far better than anyone had ever known Will and he wasn’t sure what to do with that.

Other than being outraged at the realisation that Hannibal wasn’t here as a fellow consultant on the case.

“Whose profile are you working on?” Will fought not to growl the words, turning quickly to Jack to repeat, “Whose profile is he working on?”

“I’m sorry, Will.” Hannibal started, “Observing is what we do. I can’t shut mine off any more than you can shut yours off.” Hannibal brushed off the question, trying to save Jack from his wrath no doubt, but it was clear what was happening here. And of all people to have attempt psychoanalyse him, the alpha that had sent him into heat wasn’t even on the list.

Will turned to Jack and leaned forward, trying to impress his point.

“Please don’t psychoanalyse me. You won’t like me when I’m psychoanalysed.” Jack tried to interrupt, but Will was done. So very done with it all, instead he stood, “now if you’ll excuse me, I have to go give a lecture on psychoanalysing.”

Will’s chest was tight and his whole body ached as he pushed through the door.

He just hoped he’d just get through the rest of the day’s lectures.

Only once he was home did he check his phone.

:: Will, I think we should talk ::

6. Lovers

Will read the message a couple of times, trying to focus his eyes on the words through the sweat dripping down his forehead.

The moment he'd stepped in from work he knew he couldn't hold it together any more.

His skin was crawling and everything hurt. This was even worse than before, now that they had met in person. Something that Will had come to hope would never happen.

Instead his body was now screaming out for the alpha. *His* alpha - to help him through this and every subsequent heat ever to come.

Will groaned as he put the phone down, struggling to put down food for the dogs before he finally slumped onto the sofa, unable to go any further.

He must have passed out, he realised, as the ringing of his phone roused him.

He was wet with sweat and slick, his belly was sticky and he'd clearly come whilst passed out.

"Hello?" Will croaked.

There was nothing for a moment and Will wondered if he was hallucinating. But then came a low growl and - "Will, I need…"

"Hannibal?" Will squeezed his eyes shut as everything started to come back into focus. He frowned, just speaking to the alpha relieved this? "What do you need?"

Hannibal huffed, and then Will recognised the slick sounds from the other end of the phone.

"Need you…" Hannibal's voice was slurred, and it suddenly struck Will that he hadn't been the only one suffering. Hannibal had been going into rut each time he had gone into heat. Equally as painful, equally as unsated.

The phone cut out and Will blinked, his mind racing.

He tried to call back but there was no answer.

Almost frantic, Will typed out a message, hoping that Hannibal might read it even if he wasn't able to pick up.

:: I'm here, Hannibal. If you ever need anything ::

There was no response and minutes ticked by. Minutes in which Will remained horny and needy, but felt more in control. More focused.

He knew that it was Hannibal doing this to him, relieving those heat sickness symptoms he had developed by denying the alpha. And the thing was, he realised didn't want to deny him any more.

He had barely been able to before meeting in person and he had then spent the day trying not to give into the temptation to track the alpha down and throw himself at him.

His cock twitched as he typed.

:: Do you need me to be a good boy for you? ::

Still nothing.

Will bit on his lower lip and stood, making his way to his room as he shed his clothes. He didn't look back to his phone until he was naked on the bed. And still there was nothing.

Driven by need and horniness, Will did something he'd never done before in his life. He spread his legs and took a photo of the slick flowing from him. He sent it quickly to Hannibal before he changed his mind.

:: Is this what you need, alpha? ::

Will waited for a reply as he drifted his fingers down, running them over his hard cock before delving into his tight, wet heat. As he pushed his fingers inside him he sent another message, tapping one handed whilst balancing his phone.

:: I wish you were inside me ::

Will felt like he was losing his mind in a wholly different way than he had previously. Before, he'd lost control over his body but now he felt only desperation. He needed Hannibal inside him.

The phone rang and Will answered quickly, giving a breathy "hello."

"Will," Hannibal grunted but sounded more put together, more focused but desperate, just like Will. "I need that too."

Will hummed in pleasure as he sank his fingers in deeper, taking his cock in his other hand with the phone between his shoulder and ear.

NSFW Art of Will in heat by Ani Louhetar

"Need your knot, alpha." Will moaned as he continued to work himself hard.

He could hear Hannibal at the other end, grunting and groaning, the slick sound of him jerking off.

"I'll make you mine," Hannibal growled and Will fought back a whimper.

"Fuck me, fuck me…" Will begged, riding his fingers hard.

"Can you feel me?" Hannibal asked, breathless.

Will grunted, “y-yeah…” and it was true. Maybe it was the alpha-omega connection, but it truly felt as though the alpha was there. He could practically feel the alpha’s cock pulsing inside him.

“Hannibal, Hannibal…” Will moaned.

When Hannibal’s slick sounds and grunting increased, when he moaned long and low, the sound of his come hitting skin, Will came.

His inner muscles clenched down around his fingers and he came again, thinking about what it would be like to have the alpha held inside him, knotting him.

Will felt wrung out as the climax rippled through his body. Exhaustion overwhelmed him and he felt like he was sinking into a wave of euphoria.

“Will, are you still there?” He heard Hannibal’s voice but it felt so distant and yet it seemed to rumble against his ear and soak into him. “Give me your address.”

It was hours later that Will woke from his climax induced stupor to discover a message on his phone.

:: I’m on my way ::

There was a knock at the door.

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